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AN ADDRESS

FROM THE

LADIES

OF THE

Provinces of *MUNSTER* and *LEINSTER*,

TO THEIR GRACES

The Duke and Ducheſs of *D——t*, Lord *G---*, and *Caiaphas* the High Prieſt.

TOGETHER WITH

SIXTY New Original TOASTS, drank by the Ladies at their laſt Aſſembly, held at Lady *Drumlove*'s Great Anti-Chamber, at *Patriot-Green*, near *Country-Square*, next Door to *Chaſtity-Ally*, on Thurſday Night 7th Inſt. *February*; particularly with the TOASTS of the Counteſs of *K----re*, Counteſs of *Ty--ne*, Lady *G-x*, the late P--me S----t's Lady, and of Mrs. *H---l--n*.

To which are added,

Some LOVE-LETTERS which paſſed between *Caiaphas* and his Favourite Ganymede C---m---, which were intercepted by a Country-Scout, as they were going to the *Poſtern-Office*, in *Back-Lane*, near *Indarſment Meeting-Houſe*.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Pro-Patriâ*, at the Sign of *Vivat Rex*, near the King's Arms, and ſold by the Country Stationers.

M,DCC,LIV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
28
47
MAR

AN

ADDRESS, &c.

Pleaſe Your Graces, and Lordſhips, &c.

WE the Ladies, Wives, Widows, and Maids of *&c.* being truly ſenſible of the good Wiſhes you have to our native Country, which manifeſtly appears more and more every Day, have in our Aſſemblies, Balls, and other Parties of Pleaſure, reſolved unanimouſly to addreſs your Graces, and Lordſhip, We cannot but be very ungrateful (at leaſt thought to be ſo) that we are not ſo very much convinced as we ſhould be, that your Deſigns were ever other than to ſerve this our Country, during your Adminiſtration, particularly when your firſt Setting-out was ſo very mild and pacific, and according to your Speech tending to the Good of this Kingdom.

When a Man was falſly accus'd of fleecing the Country, in undertaking to build, re-build, and repair the Barracks of this Kingdom, you, a three-Headed *Geryon*, or rather the *Cerberus* of the lower Regions, juſtly and equitably ſcreen'd him from the Rage of an incenſed and violent Party, who, no doubt, were very much in the Wrong, to proſecute ſo harmleſs a Man, and one, who to his Praiſe be it ſaid, did not grumble to let his Betters go Snacks in the Booty.

And, indeed, we plainly ſaw how much you had poor *Ireland* at Heart, when you threw out the Place-bill, which encouraged, or adopted, wou'd be touching your Copy-hold.

Your abetting your Creature *Caiaphas* in influencing the Election of *Armagh*, is another Inſtance of your good Wiſhes to this poor Kingdom.

If you and your gracious Son had vowed the Ruin of this Kingdom, you cou'd not have better ſet about it, than by the juſt and reaſonable Means which you uſed to effect it. But this was, we ſuppoſe, *alta mente repoſtum*, in Dudgeon by Way of Retaliation, for the large Encomiums given of you to your Royal Maſter by a certain Nobleman, which he delivered to his M----ty in your Favour.

Tho' we are Women, we are not ſo blind to the Intereſt of our Country, but we can ſee with half an Eye, how determined you were in Favouring this Kingdom, when you watched every Occaſion of Diſtreſs or Avarice to bring from the Country Party, as many as were found ſordid enough to betray the Kingdom for a paltry Place or a Pittance of Concordatum-money---- Pittance did we ſay,----oh, no---you offer'd high Prices for the Slaves you bought.

We cannot but thank you from the very Bottom of our Hearts, for the high and ample Rewards you graciouſly condeſcended to confer on thoſe worthy Members who to ſupport their Country voted according to their Conſciences, and from the Tenor of the Freedom of their Will, by eaſing them of the Burden of their Places which you in your Tenderneſs thought was too Weighty for their Shoulders. Certainly all theſe your beneficent and noble Acts claim our higheſt Reſpect, as well as Gratitude and Thanks; For theſe and many more Acts Emblematic of your great Wiſdom and Goodneſs, ſhall the Matrons extoll thee, *therefore ſhall the Virgins* love thee.

Oh moſt renowned Pro-conſul, and oh, thou moſt renowned Archdutcheſs, accept of theſe Oblations which, as Incenſe, we offer at the Shrine of thy Power, as the *Indians* do, who worſhip the Devil for *Fear*.

But theſe are old Dog-tricks with you, played over and

and over in your own limited Capacity when barely the D. D. in *London*. Cou'd you get no new Arts to play here in the Perſon of the Repreſentative, we beg your Honour's Pardon, we meant the female Gender Miſs-Repreſentative.

Your good Intentions to ſerve this poor Nation as apparently are maniſeſted from your great Zeal in altering the Language of our Acts in relation to the Clauſe to be inſerted in the *Iriſh* Mony-Bill. No, there was nothing but ſtrict Honour and Reſpect, for the Welfare and Credit of the Kingdom, in dictating ſuch Sentiments to an Engliſh P---vy C------l; who doubtleſs never once dreamed of ſuch an Alteration till ſuggeſted by your *honeſt* Court Policy.

But *Brutus* is an honourable Man.

But as Women were always judged ſhallow Politicians, who float on the Surface compared with you ſtout Swimmers who dive down to the Bottom, ſo we ſhall for that very Reaſon curſorily run over, and ſlightly touch Particulars of your very ſagacious and wiſe Adminiſtration.

Now, pleaſe your three *Graces*, (and *Lordſhip* by Courteſy) was not this Kingdom in a profound Peace? Did it not enjoy the *Halcyon-Days* of a Calm, till you ſet your c—ſ—d Feet in it?—We allow, that a very worthy young Nobleman, did give into your Maſter's Hands a Complaint againſt you for ſcreening from public Juſtice a public Pillager: It appeared by a Majority in the Houſe, that he had not made good his former Promiſe, for the doing which, he had *Days of Grace*, to the Amount of Six Hundred and Thirty, yet were there not Members influenced, bribed, corrupted, menaced, promiſed, wheedled, cloſſeted, and ſo forth, to bring this Man off; and this you will call flat Juſtice, tho' the Kingdom was to be a Loſer of above Fifty Thouſand Pounds: But your Power brought him off from the pecuniary Penalty, tho' it could not keep him in that Houſe where he had fleeced the Kingdom—Nor you did not procure him Time and Leave to ſell his Place, when a little after, a purchaſed one of *C---r*'s, was violently taken from him without allowing him that Comfort or Benefit.

I believe your goodly Son found Courage in a Woman when he cloſetted our worthy Friend Mrs. *Hamilton*, whoſe final Anſwer was to his Offers of Purſes, *That ſhe never till that Time thoughts ſhe was poor*; but as that Part of her Huſband's Honour was not in her keeping, ſo ſhe was determined never to ſollicite him on any ſuch Score. I believe your Son went off with a Flea in his Ear, which he did not expect from a Lady who at that Time, was contented to ſhare with her Huſband the humble Pittance of leſs than fifty Pounds a Year, in the *Iſle of Man*---was not this a moſt formidable Attack upon a Lady's Honour to attempt to convert her into a *Job*'s Wife, and who ſhou'd bid her Huſband, Curſe God and dye, give up his Country for a warm Annuity and a Purſe of Guineas.

But *Brutus* is an honourable Man.

And all this is playing upon the Square, and conformable to your G----ce's Speech to both Houſes.

Your G----ce's miſrepreſenting the Majority of the Houſe of C———ns as a Hot-headed Faction, was another very candid Affair, and well worthy your G------ce's Politicks, this was flinging Dirt that ſome of it may ſtick, and endeavouring, to intimidate the worthieſt Set of Patriots that ever repreſented their Country, and this truly becauſe they would not do as you wou'd have them.

Your altering the Languages of the Acts and byaſſing the P-----vy Council of *England*, to draw a Bill on us for the Money in the Treaſury, was another very equitable Step; cou'd you have finger'd this pretty little Sum, oh, what pretty Things you cou'd have done with it in *England* the next General-Election; you cou'd have bribed your Son G-----e into *Weſtminſter* with a wet Finger, and turn out as you did here any body that wou'd look at you--formidable Man--dangerous Creature! but for your Comfort and ours, we are Women and have the Heart of *Amazons*, and ſhou'd you, (which Heaven in it's Mercy forbid) be any more Deputy here, we are determined jointly and ſeperately unanimouſly and of one Conſent to traverſe your Counſels and hunt you down the Precipice of your Politicks, and ſo we ſay all, being truly noways in love with you, but the contrary.

Dated at *Liberty-Hall*, in *Amazon-Court*, *Feb.* 9, 1754. *Signed by us*, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM 28 47 MAR

SIXTY

Original TOASTS,

Drank by the Ladies at their laſt Aſſembly held at Lady *Drumlove's* Great Anti-Chamber, at *Patriot-Green*, near *Country-Square*, next Door to *Chaſtity-Ally*, on Thurſday Night 7th Inſt. *February*.

BRITISH MUSEUM
28 47
MAR

New Original TOASTS.

Drank by the LADIES of the Provinces of MUNSTER and LEINSTER.

1. MAY he who enters into the fordid Meaſures of a wicked Government, be henpeck'd to Death by a Petticoat-Government.

2. A Trip to the Plantations to every Courtier who indents himſelf a Slave.

3. May his Lady firſt run him deeply in Debt for the Good of his Purſe, and afterwards elope for the Good of his Credit.

4 When a *Courtier* has gazetted his Wife for *Elopement*, may there be found *Country-men* enough to *thruſt* her and *truſt* her too.

5. The Head of the Church to the Devil's A—ſe apeak, (ſaving the Church's Favour.)

6. A Country-Blaſt to the *Muſhrooms* that make *Court*-Catchop.

7. May no *Court*-Card come in Play the next Shuffling.

8. Succeſs to the Endeavours of the *Country* Ladies at the next general Election.

9. May the *Court*-Ladies ſend their *Spouſes* to *Heav'n*, for their good Services on *Earth*.

10. May he who denies his Country, thrice hear the Cock-Crow of Conviction and weep bitterly.

11. May he who chuſes to worſhip in the Temple of *Cloacina*, before that of *Venus*, be the Scorn of Love and Beauty.

12. May *Beauty* take into *Favour* thoſe whom *Power* turned *out* of *Favour*.

13. The Memory of *Jael*, the Wife of *Heber*, who nail'd down *Siſera* the Courtier, to his good Behaviour.

14. *Jael*'s Revenge on every Court *Siſera*.

15. May every Enemy to *Ireland* meet with ſuch a *Siſerrara*.

16. May

16. May every Court *Holofernes* meet with a *Judith* for his Bed-Fellow.

17. Dilapidation to every Fortune built on the Ruins of a Country.

18. May venal Souls ne'er riſe in *Church* or *State*. Who *fall* from *Honour* to be *meanly* GREAT.

19. May every golden Bribe evaporate in *Fumo*.

20. May every *golden Aſs* be metamorphoſed into a *Pig of Lead*.

21. Shiver to Pieces any falſe Mirror which miſrepreſents the Royal Perſon.

22 A Diſh of fry'd Boots to ev'ry Apoſtate like *T—n—m*.

23. May our Daughters and Grandaughters inherit the ſame Spirit with their reſpective Parents.

24. May all *Back-door* Proceedings be exported to the other Side the Water, whence they came.

25. May the D—ke of *D*—— ſoon find what it is to have the Ladies of *Ireland* his Foes.

26. May the Ladies who prefer a Caſtle-Levee to their Country's Good, receive a Groan from the Upper-Gallery on their Entrance into the Boxes.

27. May they never have Charms enough to captivate the Heart of a *Patriot*.

28. The *Smith*'s Health who refuſed to ſhoe a Courtier's Horſes.

29. The Chairman's Health, who burn'd the preſent P—meS—j—t's Wig.

30. The Health of thoſe worthy Patriots, who reſign'd with Unconcern, rather than hold with Diſgrace.

31. May the *Ram* drive his Enemies on a *Lee*-Shore.

32. May the Succeſſors of the outed Members be eclipſed by the ſuperior Luſtre of their Predeceſſors.

33. A foul Conſcience to all *Court*-Scavengers, who do the *dirty* Work of a *dirty* G———t.

34. * May he who preferred *C——m* to Miſs *M—ll* be repulſed by all Females with Scorn.

35. May

* *This Toaſt was objected to as it was ſaid that* Caiaphas *would never aſk any Favours from a Woman, as he loved Men too well.*

35. May the high Sherriff of *W--x--d* be preferred a Peg higher on the brown Mare for his good Services.

36. May they, who held their Places, and quitted their Honour, be the female Scorn.

37. Stale Maidenhead to her that would inter-marry with a Courtier.

38. Every Country Lady to her own Tribe.

39. May *Roger* of the Hill continue to be the Ladies Favourite.

40. May the Chair never want a *Boyle*, or one of his Spirit.

41. May the Spirit of Sir *Richard Cox* electrify the whole Kingdom.

42. May the Diſintereſtedneſs of the late Prime Serjeant prove a Scourge to the preſent.

43. May the Year 1753, be recorded in the Ladies Almanack.

44. May thoſe who reſign for Penſions in Favour of Courtiers, receive a Death-Warrant for their Comfort.

45. May the *Knave* in every *Suit* be thrown *out* the next *Rubbers*.

46. May the Spirit of Patriotiſm grow up with our Poſterity.

47. The Death of *Nero* to him who would ſtab his *Mother*-Country.

48. May the Tellers for the Country ever count a Majority.

49. May all Sycophants in *Crape* or *Lutrin* wait for dead Men's Shoes.

50. May no *High-Prieſt* influence an *Iriſh* Houſe of Commons.

51. May the Ghoſt of *D——t* never haunt *Ireland* again.

52. May his Contraſt in Politicks and Deſign, be our next Governor.

53. May Dr. *C—pe*, Dean of *A-m—h* ruſt to a Point and never get higher, to his Grave.

Counteſs of KILDARE's *Toaſt.*

54. May *Ireland* inherit
A true *Britiſh* Spirit.

Counteſs

Counteſs of TYRONE'S.

55. May a *Boyle* or *Malone*
Still relieve from the *Stone*.

Lady CARRICK'S.

56. May each *Britiſh* Fair
Meet a Spouſe like *Kildare*.

Lady COX'S.

57. May the Country Party
In the Cauſe ſtill be hearty.

Late Prime Serjeant's Lady.

58. Rather yield up a Place
Than hold with Diſgrace.

Mrs. HAMILTON'S.

59. Diſgrace and a Fall
To the C——t one and all.

All in Chorus.

60. Let the Country-men weed 'em
And ſupport *Iriſh* Freedom.

LETTER

LETTER I.

A LOVE-LETTER *from* CAIAPHAS *to* Gannymede.

Dear Ganny Cunny,

HERE am I teized with Miſs *M——ll*, whom I only courted out of Fineſſe to conceal our Amours. They thought, I was in earneſt, but 'twas only a Cover—No more my dear *Cunny*—I prefer thy Charms to all the Females in the World, and the cloſe Stricture of thy Embrace than the wide Window which *Adam* never peeped out of, ſo have broke off the Match. This believe from

Your Lover and Admirer while
G—— S——.

P.S. Dear Cunny, on Receipt of this come away, fly with the Wings of Love, the Fit is on me; I hate Women, I deteſt to ſee the Trail of their Manteau, or to hear the Ruſtling of their Silks, but thy youthful Charms are ever adored by

Your enamoured
G. S.

P. S. Come in by the *Back* Stairs.

LETTER II.

From GANNYMEDE *to* CAIAPHAS.

Sancte Sanctorum,

WHEN thou infuſeſt thy Spirit and thy Grace into me, ſure I am poſſeſſed of the Beauty of Holineſs, the Temple of Divine Love haſt thou poured into my Tabernacle, and I am inſpired with ten Times the Ardour of (Man having the Rudiments of Learning) and am ſanctify'd throughout.

Yet

Yet notwithſtanding this Infuſion which thrills thro' my Vitals, and makes me a very Church-militant, I am under the greateſt Apprehenſions of a Diſcovery.

Indeed I am not like the Girls, my Belly will not betray me, it is not a Tell-tale—I ſhall not conceive, but *Sylvæ habent aures*, and Walls have Eyes; when you kiſſed me in the Garden of Love, may not ſome Spies have been out and ſeen our crimininal (ſhall I call it) Converſation. Oh, my deareſt Pontiff, overſhadow me with thy Pontificalibus; kiſs me with the Kiſſes of thy Lips, for thy Love is richer than Wine, come then to thy beloved

GANNY CUNNY.

LETTER III.

I Hate Women and their Lunacies; there is no Love equal to that of Man and Man---no ſooner we have Commerce with that foul unclean libidinous Creature Woman, than ſhe ſurfeits and diſgorges this ambroſial Morſel---but Man never returns, he retains the Gift and is grateful: Never fear a Diſcovery, for except we are taken *tete a tate*, as the *French* ſay, there is no Danger---you talk of Shadows, Chimeras, Houſes in the Moon, and Caſtles in the Air—for who will ſuſpect my Purity, which is deemed as white and unſully'd as my Lawn Sleeves, therefore dear *Ganny Cunny*, never fear, I will truſt the Secret to none but thee, and do thou retain it with Fidelity, ſince there is no one more your Friend, Lover and Admirer,

Poſtern-Gate, *than,*

CAIAPHAS.

LETTER IV.

Deareſt Sanctæ Sanctorum,

IT is the Novelty of the Sin ſtartles me, it is talked of in ſo odious a Light in ſeveral Companies where I reſort, that I am afraid that my Guilt over-ſpreads my Face with Bluſhes. There was a Gentleman by, who was ſaying that it was a common Thing in *London*, and that they picked up each other as Men and Women do.---

Says

Says one who was a great Man at telling a Story, I heard of three ſuch Fellows, a Pair-Royal of your Endorſers, who were knotted together like a Knot of Frogs; *Stratum ſuper Stratum*; and this being told to a Fourth, he cried out in a Rapture, oh! how happy was the Man in the Middle, for he was both Agent and Patient, Giver and Receiver, active and paſſive, I envy none ſo much as him, theſe and the like Rebuffs to my Face, make me think I begin to be ſuſpected, but for all that I will be, *Yours and only yours*,

A——ſe Caſtle, GANYMEDE.

LETTER V.

Ganny,

THE Sin is no Novelty, if it be a Sin----it was cryed down by the Women, who hated a Rival to *Moſſy Face*---ev'ry *Molly Muff* was in Arms, and hence it became ſcandalous, but certainly it is a more rational Entertainment than Woman; Lord---one rides ſo wide with them, that the Pleaſure of Fruition is diſſipated; but the tight Stricture of the natical Foramen is Love's great Coadjutor, and greatly helps the Extract of Venus, which is then the *Quinta pars* the *Quinteſſence* of Deſire: *Jupiter* left his *Juno*, left all his Goddeſſes, and all his pretty mortal Girls, for *Gannymede*, and diſpatched an Eagle whom he ſent from the Skies to bring him up to his Careſſes. You may read *Virgil* and there you'll find he was one of us.

Formoſum puerum Corydon ardebat Alexin, *Horace* loved a pretty Fellow in his Heart, which many of his Odes are ready to teſtify: So never think it a Novelty. *Philip* kept his Page to tell him he was a Man—Mind that *Cunny*, and believe me who is

Breech-ſtreet, *Your own*

CAIAPHAS.

FINIS.

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